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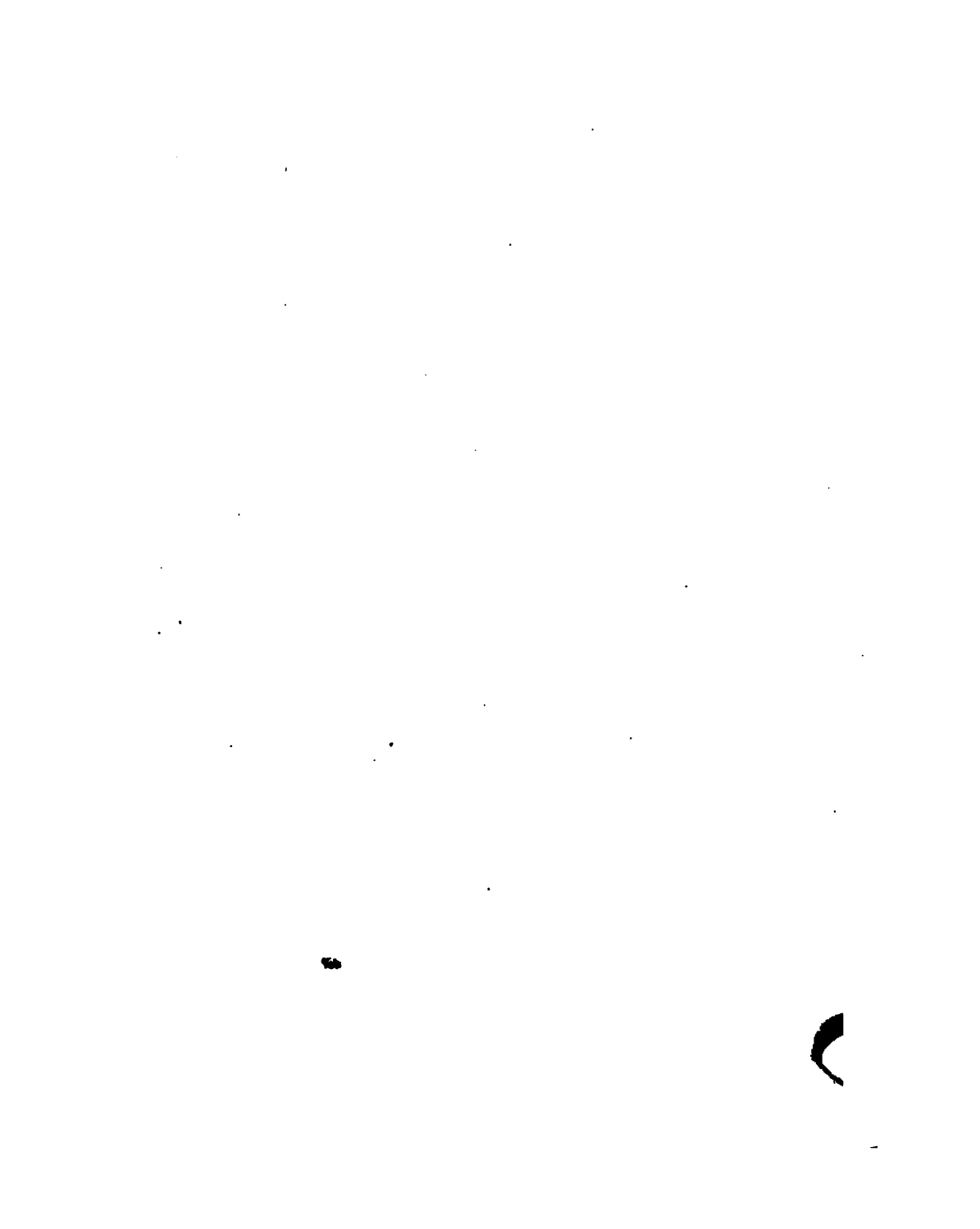


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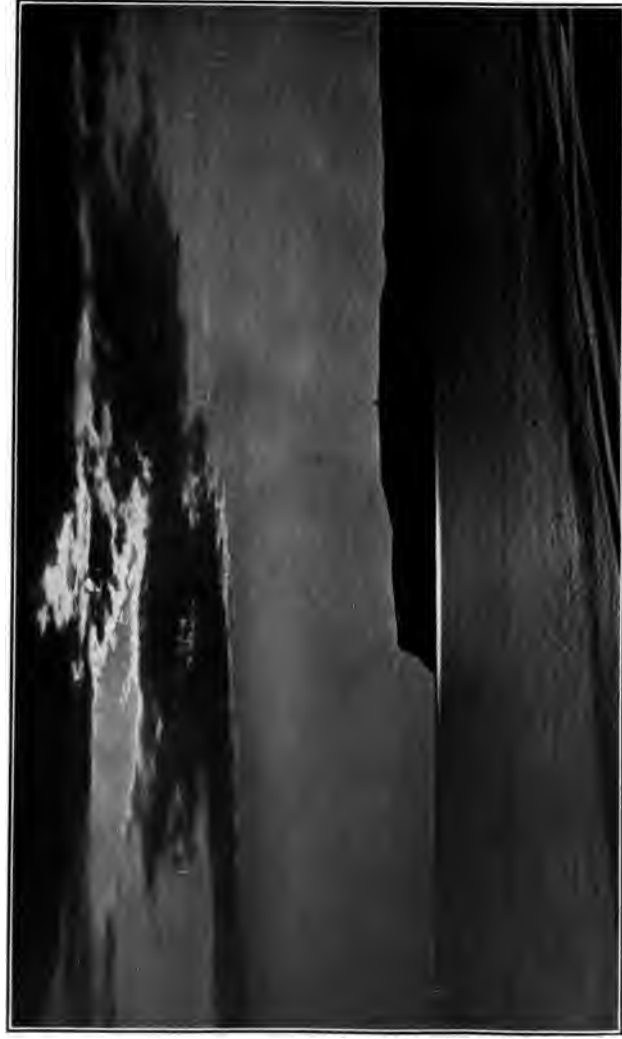


To Florence Coveley

from

Margaret E. Dunbar.

Nov. 21, 1916.



POINT LOMA, AND THE PACIFIC.

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

Some impressions of California
and the West in 1915.

by

MARGARET E. DUNBAR.

*"We lose vigor through thinking
continually the same thoughts.
New thought is new life."*

Brooklyn, New York City



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*



Shirley Ford

Copyright 1915
by Margaret E. Dunbar

TOWARDS THE SUNSET.

ANTICIPATION.

Going West! These have been magic words to me as long as I can remember. And now John and I were to follow the westward trail to the Pacific. The mere terms Desert, Sierras, Grand Canyon and Yosemite had long been words to conjure with, words that opened up alluring vistas to the imagination, and now we were to see them with our own eyes. It was very exciting.

Time was when the life of a gypsy, wandering over the country in a lumbering wagon, was my ideal. Later I transferred my aspirations to life on a canal boat, perhaps because of the water view. But traveling West on a Limited is a far cry from either gypsy wagon or canal boat. It is, in fact, the most fascinating means of getting over the ground that I, as a chronic "ga'en aboot body," have been able to discover.

NEW YORK TO CHICAGO.

At about two in the afternoon of Friday, May 28, we started from the Grand Central Station on the "Westerner," leaving with a little throb of regret the dear ones who had come to see us off. Then for three hours we followed the "lordly Hudson." That river, at least, is in a class by itself, and has no rival. After

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leaving Albany we turned into the Mohawk valley and saw a beautiful sunset along the peaceful waters of the canal. This inspired my companion to unexpected poetic flights, but I am not to mention that. We went to bed in great comfort, since the car was not more than half filled, but at about two o'clock in the morning we seemed to bump into everything in Buffalo. Ours was the only sleeper going to Chicago, and I think they tried us behind every locomotive and in front of every train in the yards before they found out where we really belonged. The last one they tried happened to be the right one, and after that we slept in peace.

It was cloudy all the next day but we had a very good view of northern Ohio including Cleveland, and cut across corners of Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois before reaching Chicago. We arrived in Chicago at about five in the afternoon and had three hours to dispose of before leaving on the California Limited of the Santa Fé (pronounced Fee in the West). The clouds were now discharging a heavy rain which was not conducive to sight-seeing in comfort, but we went over to the Congress Hotel which was not far away, and found this handsome hotel well worth inspection.

I remember the fine Elizabethan room in which it happened that a Thé Dansant was progressing. We

NEW YORK TO CHICAGO

might have progressed also for the insignificant matter of a dollar apiece, but decided not to; and after all, the beautiful room with its handsome dark woods claimed most of our attention.

Then came the California Limited, a train which up to date represents the best I know in railroad travel. It was going out in two sections. One section was to stop over at the Grand Canyon in Arizona while the other traveled through to the Coast with those who were not going to the Canyon. Here, again, we were not crowded.

CHICAGO TO THE GRAND CANYON

We left Chicago at eight on Saturday evening, and the next morning at about nine we were passing through Kansas City. On waking that morning I looked out and thought we must be crossing a long bridge because we were everywhere surrounded by water. Trees and telegraph poles were more than half submerged, and we learned later that the whole Missouri valley was inundated. Our train had to make a detour of a hundred miles in going through Kansas, and we thus had an unexpected view of Topeka.

It was Sunday and I had the impression of great peacefulness in the quiet towns and hamlets along our

TOWARDS THE SUNSET.

route; we could not have been more comfortable at home. At times we went back to the observation car and either sat on the platform under the awning, or occupied one of the comfortable arm chairs inside. Magazines and books were provided, also desks with writing materials.

An agreeable diversion that Sunday afternoon was created by a brown-eyed Chicago girl who surprised me by coming over and inviting me and my "husband" to take tea with her. John, the gentleman thus distinguished, happened to be in the observation car at the end of the train. However, I fetched him. Our new acquaintance explained that afternoon tea was a necessity with her, but she did not like having it alone. She had persuaded the willing porter to bring the accessories, and from her own store she produced a toothsome homemade cake—her mother's parting gift. The little buffet table had been slipped into place, and the center was graced with a bouquet of sweet peas and maidenhair which the porter had kept fresh for our hostess. Altogether we had a merry little tea party, and always the train flew along.

All day Sunday we rolled through the level grassy country of Kansas with the prospect of dipping down into the more hilly country of New Mexico during the night. But so far there was no discomfort from heat,

CHICAGO TO THE GRAND CANYON.

and our windows were kept closed so we had no dust to complain of. Indeed, it rained all day, quietly and rather soothingly so far as I was concerned, except for the remembrance of those water-dredged districts of which we had had a glimpse.

The next day, Monday, we were in New Mexico, a country inclined to be hilly but with a dearth of vegetation due to the lack of water, and at noon we stopped at Albuquerque, the capital, in about the middle of the state. The station, which is also a Harvey hotel, is a beautiful and appropriate bit of architecture surrounded by trees and well-kept lawns which were in striking contrast to the bare country through which we had been passing, due simply to the application of water.

There was a motley assortment of Indians, young and old, male and female, awaiting our arrival and bent on selling us baskets, pottery, etc. To me they looked the most degraded of human creatures, undersized and overpoweringly dirty. Not too captivating is the noble Red Man as one sees him at Albuquerque.

At this point one begins to see Navajo blankets of all kinds for sale. After hearing an old traveler explain that many of these were made in a factory in Connecticut I felt less anxiety to possess one. But sordid little details like these were unconsciously noted. What I re-

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

member chiefly is the bright sunshine, and the brilliant coloring of the cream-colored walls and terra cotta roofs of the hotel, framed in by the vivid green of the trees. The atmosphere of New Mexico is so clear, also, that objects can be seen twenty miles away.

All that afternoon we traveled on through the desert, which nevertheless needs only irrigation to become a garden. And still we were not troubled by heat nor by dust to anything like the extent we had been led to expect. The only dwellings we saw were freight cars which had been lifted off their trucks to the side of the track and were now the homes of Italian and Indian workmen and their families. Also occasionally we passed adobe houses—low structures with few openings, and with thick walls of adobe—a kind of earth cement baked to the hardness of stone by the sun.

Here and there, too, were Indian villages, composed of low brown earth huts. These Indians earn a scanty livelihood as cattlemen, while the women make baskets and blankets and pottery. Some of our fellow-travelers felt that life for the few white people here, under such conditions, and in so barren a country, must be entirely without compensations. But others said, "To them it is home, and they would die of homesickness on Broadway." At least they have gorgeous sunsets, a wonderful expanse

CHICAGO TO THE GRAND CANYON

of starry sky, and the clearest atmosphere in the world.

By a comfortable arrangement we were not obliged to change cars at Williams where the Grand Canyon Railroad branches off from the main line. Instead, our entire train, locomotive and all, was to travel through to the Canyon, wait for us all day while we went sight seeing, and then carry us on to the coast. So we went to bed in expectation of a wonderful tomorrow.

THE GRAND CANYON.

The next morning I was awakened by the intense stillness. Assuring myself that I was still in my berth on a railroad train, I pulled up the shade to look out. We were standing opposite a station which was surrounded by great trees. In the branches of one of these a bird was singing, but otherwise there was no sound. I knew I was in the heart of the Arizona desert, but how to account for the splendid trees, and the bird, and the silence which his clear note made more striking! Other passengers soon woke and were keenly on the alert to dress quickly in order to see the Canyon which we understood was close by. Before six, therefore, some of us were climbing the stairs to the rim of the Canyon where El Tovar hotel stands. Tovar was the Spanish explorer who first discovered the Canyon while he was searching for

TOWARDS THE SUNSET.

the fountain of youth. I wonder if he accepted the Canyon as a satisfactory substitute.

Of all the comfortable hotels which we visited on our trip, perhaps El Tovar was the most remarkable. Here is a hostelry with every convenience demanded by the modern tourist, including park-like surroundings, and flower beds requiring the constant application of water, but situated one hundred and twenty-five miles from the nearest spring. Every drop needed for drinking or cooking, baths or garden, must be carried by the car-load this distance. The hotel is built in log-cabin style, of a glorified type, however, since the cost was close to a million dollars. The pages or hall boys are Japs, as they are in most of the Western hotels. We found the whole Oriental question fairly tense throughout the West, but the poor little men seemed inoffensive enough to me. And all this time the Canyon waits!

So it did *not*, however, when we arrived that morning. Without a glance towards the hotel or its surroundings, we made our way eagerly across the grounds to the edge. It was about six o'clock in the morning, and the jostling, noisy world seemed very far away.

I knew from many descriptions just what the Canyon would be like, but the longer I looked at it, the less familiar it became.

THE GRAND CANYON.

This great chasm or rift in the earth's surface is more than two hundred miles long, about twelve miles from rim to rim looking across, and a mile deep. At the bottom, a mile down, rushes the Colorado river, which I am inclined to think was a considerable factor in cutting this wedge through the earth. The great gash itself would hardly attract the attention it has were it not for the fantastic shapes into which the jagged sides have been cut or worn. Even these shapes, which look like crouching animals of mammoth size in one place, and like the minarets and columns of Oriental or Greek temples in other places, would be less striking but for the coloring, in which red and yellow are the prevailing tones. These colors, moreover, shade off into a thousand blendings.

For the most part the Canyon is entirely without vegetation except along the rim, but the sense of bareness is relieved by the shifting play of lights and shadows. We saw it shortly after sunrise, again at high noon, and then at sunset. Each time the outlook was entirely different. The shadows are deepest in the morning, and the colors more intense at sunset. At noon it looks a little faded.

After breakfast we rode along the rim for six or eight miles, admiring the different points of view, and incidentally imbibing some more or less scientific infor-

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mation from our driver as to the origin of the Canyon. John, in an investigating spirit, tried to get an explanation in detail of "erosion" and "sedimentation," but only succeeded in embarrassing our would-be instructor. It was the driver, however, who first named those hard words to us, and thus inflamed John's curiosity.

In the afternoon we went by auto to the point called Grand View. For about an hour we spun along through a deep forest of splendid Norway pines. Considering the absence of water, I was quite unable to account for them. Suddenly we emerged on the edge of the Canyon at a point which commanded a wide sweep, and it certainly was a Grand View. Our chauffeur, a good-looking dark-eyed youth, escorted the Chicago girl and me to a specially dangerous looking bit of rock which he said was called Suicide Point. The walking was treacherous, and I was thankful that John's attention was otherwise engaged at the time, as something might have happened to him had he been with us. As it was, our guide's dashing sombrero blew off, rolled to the edge and went over. It caught somewhere six feet down, and he calmly swung himself over, captured it, and clambered back. My admiration of his daring was rather too strongly diluted with terror for comfort.

On the whole it was rather a breathless day, but we

THE GRAND CANYON

had a half hour's quiet after dinner and before traintime, in which to sit on the comfortable benches overlooking the Canyon as the sun gradually withdrew. The rays would fall on a distant spire or dome throwing it into high and golden relief, and then pass on leaving it in deep shadow. Reluctantly we made our way to the waiting Pullman, but as we settled down into our accustomed quarters and exchanged sleepy but contented greetings with fellow-passengers, there was a sense of home-coming and peace, and we felt that life was good.

INTO THE LAND OF GOLD.

In order to get into California, our land of known desire, we had to go over the Cajon Pass in the Coast Range, and in this crossing, the most wonderful transformation in scenery and vegetation is effected. In approaching the summit from the Arizona side of the mountains the country becomes increasingly hilly, with steep grades and deep ravines. There is no vegetation except the hardy cactus and a low gray shrub like the sage brush.

That morning in the desert, I remember, did seem warm, though not uncomfortable, and the lively conversation of the Chicago girl, who had remained friendly since the tea party, helped to pass the time in a very

TOWARDS THE SUNSET.

agreeable manner.

While we were thus light-heartedly covering the miles, our train was going over the route followed by the old wagon trails when every mile was accompanied by danger from Indians, or worst of all, by death from lack of water. Only about fifty years stretches between then and now.

Nothing I saw in the West impressed me with half as much wonder and admiration as did the men who built these bridges and railroads and achieved the impossible. Next to them in deserving praise, are the men who are running the trains today, tending the switches, and planning the schedules. When somebody blunders, the world instantly sets up a hue and cry, but what about the other countless times when each human atom in this complicated system does his part perfectly, as a matter of course?

Meanwhile, we climbed the bare mountains into the land of plenty, and at about eleven in the morning we reached the summit and began to descend into greenness and flowers and big trees. The change took scarcely more than an hour, and involved a descent of nearly three thousand feet in about twelve miles.

We were now approaching San Bernardino Junction which marked the parting of the ways between us and our

INTO THE LAND OF GOLD

Chicago friend. She, with most of the other tourists, was proceeding direct to Los Angeles, while we, almost the only passengers to do so, were changing at San Bernardino for Riverside.

RIVERSIDE

It seems too bad that this charming little city should not be on the main line, since the traveler often fails to visit it simply because of his unwillingness to change cars in these modern luxurious days.

We were transferred by local train some ten or twelve miles to Riverside and taken by the hotel auto to the Mission Inn. My expectations had been pitched high, and they were a little dashed at first on finding this famous hostelry in the heart of the town, and close to the street. But this was only a first impression. The greater part of the hotel opens on a spacious interior court which is filled with great palms and beautiful shrubs and flowers. At midday a scarlet awning is stretched over this court giving a rose-colored shade, and under this the guests who prefer to do so may have luncheon or dinner, instead of in the dining room.

We found this hotel entirely delightful not only for its larger and more noted attractions, but in many unobtrusive ways. For instance, we had not been in our

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rooms five minutes when a bell boy brought me a basket of oranges with a card on which was written "With the compliments of Mrs. Richardson." Later I discovered that this lady is the sister of Frank Miller, Master of the Inn. This seemed a very graceful attention on the part of the manager. Also, there are large bronze bowls filled with oranges at the entrance to the dining room from which the guests are expected to help themselves.

SMILEY HEIGHTS

We arrived in Riverside at about two, and at four had set out on an auto trip to Smiley Heights some twenty miles away. Being new to the ways of the country and the climate, we left our heavy wraps at the hotel, with the result that Smiley Heights gave us a cool reception. But it was a memorable ride.

We passed acres and miles of orange groves, some of the trees loaded with fruit, and others from which the fruit had just been picked. I did not get the impression, however, that the orange grower treads a primrose path. The amount of care required to keep these trees in perfect condition, irrigating them in summer and protecting them from possible frost in winter, would make a man's fortune in almost any line of agriculture. I am not detracting from the wonderful richness of the ground and

SMILEY HEIGHTS

the beneficence of the climate, but these of themselves are not enough. The man must contribute largely of the sweat of his brow, and have considerable capacity for taking pains.

In about an hour we came to Redlands, and were amused at our driver's prompt disparagement of this thrifty little town. Nothing is more typical of certain parts of the West than this. When a man praises any place other than his own habitat, the circumstance is suspicious. But this tendency to the liberal vituperation of a neighboring municipality does not usually extend to the individual inhabitant thereof, for whom there is larger charity in the West than in the East. Nor does the Westerner grow narrow-minded through his pessimistic view of the adjacent borough. His optimism in regard to his own locality is so unbounded that the other attitude is a necessary offset.

We always had the advantage of these local peculiarities, because John was so obviously a tenderfoot, and so eager to swallow everything he heard—apparently—that in the nature of the case he heard a good deal.

Smiley Heights is the name of the estate of Mr. Smiley of Lake Mohonk fame. On a considerable elevation, and giving a splendid view over the near-by valleys and distant snow-covered mountains he built a

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

beautiful home and surrounded it with a park containing flowers of all kinds, stately trees, an artificial lake and picturesque bridges. At a point where the land falls steeply to the valley below there is a mass of luxuriant vegetation clothing the hillside on the one hand, and showing the bareness of the desert on the other. These are intended to illustrate the "before" and "after" of irrigation, and Mr. Smiley planned this contrast in order to prove the latent possibilities of the soil. The grounds are now open to the public, and will doubtless become a public park some day. The problem to be faced is their up-keep, which even a prosperous locality would hesitate to undertake.

All through California we noticed the splendid estates owned by Easterners who evidently find California the rich man's paradise. As for the poor man, possibly he is no nearer making his fortune in the Land of Gold than he would be in New York, but one would imagine that poverty pinches less cruelly in that gracious climate.

THE MISSION INN

Returning from Smiley Heights in the cold twilight, and cuddling as close together as possible to keep our teeth from chattering, we arrived at the Mission Inn at

THE MISSION INN

about eight o'clock in good time to do justice to an excellent dinner.

Later in the evening we went into the Cloister music room to hear the organ recital. The guests gather here in a dim religious light, taking in subconsciously the shadowy crimson and gold banners of old Castile that drape the balconies, the outlines of Madonnas from far-off Spanish churches, and the dull gleam of armor and slender Toledo blades arranged along the walls. One may sit the while in carved high-backed pews like the choir stalls in Westminster Abbey, or if one does not insist on complete realism, there are luxurious upholstered chairs with wide friendly arms for choice.

Meanwhile the rich tones of the modern Cathedral organ fill the room in magnificent volume or die away to the breath of a sigh. At vespers, by means of a connection between the organ and the chimes in the bell tower, the musician is able to carry a melody on the organ while the bells chime a distant accompaniment. Or the chimes ring out in the pulsing tones of one of Luther's hymns while the organ contributes a rich bass. So rare a harmony of atmosphere, environment, and sound, is one of the most distinctive features of the Inn, due largely to its presiding genius, Frank Miller.

Besides the music room, there is a Spanish art gal-

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

lery, and a wonderful Garden of Bells, which in its large collection includes bells hundreds of years old from far-away Spain and mediaeval Germany. Over the office in quaint lettering is the inscription "Ye canna expect to be baith grand and comfortable." But if ever any hostelry came close to providing the combination, I should think it is this same Mission Inn.

MT. RUBIDOUX

The next morning our driver took us out to Mt. Rubidoux. This mountain, about 1400 feet high, is stony and bare, but a fine automobile road has been built to the top, providing one way up and another route down to avoid collision. The summit commands a view for many miles in every direction and is surmounted by a cross thirty or forty feet high, erected to the memory of Father Serra.

Mt. Rubidoux has recently become famous for its Easter sunrise service, and the story of how this service was started we heard from a Canadian Editor (to be introduced later) who evidently had it at first hand.

It seems the mountain had stood there for a long time, bare and uninviting, quite failing to touch the imagination of the passerby, until Jacob Riis came, and it was he who suggested the sunrise service to the Master

MT. RUBIDOUX

of the Inn. The Master was in considerable doubt as to the drawing power of such a service, and he took occasion to consult Henry Van Dyke. The latter enthusiastically endorsed the idea, and we were told that the discussion was somewhat as follows:

Dr. Van Dyke: A sunrise service would attract people because it touches a chord that is fundamental in the race.

Master: What chord?

Doctor: Don't you know, man, that most of the human race have been sun worshipers, and that the habit of ages is still ingrained in many of us?

Master: I don't see anything fundamental or specially religious in getting up before sunrise.

Doctor: Ah! that's because you don't know anything about it.

Master (indignantly): I don't, eh! What about the years when I served as a mason's apprentice and always had to be up before daylight?

The Doctor, however, carried his point, and this sunrise service at Easter now attracts visitors from over all the world.

As we were spinning up the splendid road that morning, our driver told us that last Easter people who wanted to be within earshot had to start the night before, and

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

automobiles could not get more than half way up because of the crowd. Henry Van Dyke himself was the speaker the first and second year.

SHERMAN INSTITUTE

Coming back from Mt. Rubidoux we traversed the famous Magnolia Drive which is remarkable now, not for magnolias, but for magnificent palms and pepper trees that extend in four rows for miles. On the way we stopped at the Sherman Institute, a Government school for Indians, with unusually attractive buildings and grounds. The Principal permitted us to visit a classroom filled with Indian boys and girls of twelve to fourteen years. A reading lesson was in progress. The class seemed heavy and stolid, and the teacher, standing at the back of the room, was evidently finding it uphill work. I longed to take hold of that class for five minutes, to see if I could not make them sit up and take notice. But I could never have done it *from the back of the room*. The teacher, however, failed to discern my possibilities as a galvanic battery, and thus she missed her opportunity.

A small Indian maid was detailed to act as our guide through the grounds. John with his customary zeal proceeded to question her. She was nine, and her name

SHERMAN INSTITUTE

is Fern Snow. He also elicited the fact that her mother was Indian and her father Scotch, after which I made him desist. The child would have passed for all white. She was nominally a member of the reading class we had just visited, but in reality she was far in advance of them mentally. At the end of our visit she willingly consented to have her picture taken, though full-blooded Indians have a dread of the camera. In only one thing was she more Indian than white, and that was in a grave dignity and reserve of manner that sat quaintly on a little girl. I was very glad to meet Fern Snow.

And then our brief stay in Riverside came to an end. Our thoughts will always turn back to it a little wistfully, perhaps because it gave us our first glimpse of beautiful California. We left it very reluctantly, but there was San Diego ahead, and one learns to be fickle in California in order to preserve one's peace of mind.

THE PACIFIC

Proceeding by train through Orange, for an hour or two we traveled among lemon and orange groves, and orchards of English walnuts and olives, on our last lap to the Coast. Suddenly we found ourselves at the very edge of the Pacific, gliding along within stonethrow of its splendid surf. The coast line is broken, with here and

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

there rocky headlands, and the trees and vegetation grow down to the water's edge. In other places are great stretches of sandy beach. For the most part this fascinating shore is held in fee simple by the wheeling gulls, and the houses are far apart, except in small clusters at the ocean resorts.

For more than an hour we followed the shore line close to the water, and thus had a most satisfying first glimpse of the Pacific. I cannot remember that we saw many boats, but there were miles and miles of restless sea. And then we came to San Diego.

SAN DIEGO

Now, San Diego is strictly in its own class. I think it won our affections more completely than any other city in the state. We stayed at the U. S. Grant hotel, very new and handsome, and costing two millions. One inevitably learns the cost of things out West. The city is clean and sunshiny, and free from ear-splitting noises. In its present guise it is very new, but decidedly up-and-coming. In part, also, it is very old - for America, since it was here that the great missionary-hero, Father Junipero Serra, built his first mission long before California knew the white man or had heard the English tongue, nearly two hundred years ago.

SAN DIEGO

We arrived in San Diego at about six in the evening and decided to get our first glimpse of the Panama-California Exposition that same evening. Accordingly we made our way by trolley to the grounds, but on entering found they were practically deserted, except in the Isthmus, or amusement section. Walking along this brilliantly lighted highway we tested the quality of two of the entertainments. One was the Chinese Underworld—of San Francisco, I think, and the other, by way of variety, was a dignified and serious History of the California Missions in picture and story. The latter we found very interesting, but the first, in which all the participants were of wax, still figures a little gruesomely in my memory. Moreover it was cold and we were sleepy, so we went back to the U. S. Grant.

Next morning, bright and early, we started by trolley for Ramona's marriage place in San Diego Old Town, and found the quaint low adobe building, selected by Helen Hunt Jackson for the leading scene in that tragic tale, quite interesting even on its own account. One could readily believe that it had figured in many thrilling incidents in California's early history that will never be told.

Life in those days—barely a hundred years ago—was so continuously a duel with death that even in read-

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

ing about it now one comes gradually to accept starvation, treachery and physical torture as a matter of course. Perhaps the men and women who lived it, did the same. But it is certain that the old padres were the little leaven that leavened the whole lump. The soldiers and other adventurers were there for what they could get; the padres, for what they could give. And first among these was Father Serra.

THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

In the early afternoon we started by auto for Point Loma. It was a sight-seeing car with a guide and some fifteen passengers. The day was glorious—a word that fits most summer days in southern California, and we made our way through the town with its pretty houses and gardens—roses and marguerites and poppies everywhere, and blue and yellow lupin—out to the splendid headland known as Point Loma—some five miles from San Diego.

On the way we stopped at the Theosophical Headquarters, planned and laid out by the present head, Madame Katherine Tingley. As one approaches the gate, the grounds have the appearance of a specially fine park with magnificent trees. The gate was opened by a keeper, whose scholarly face and bearing seemed rather

THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

out of keeping with his humble rôle. The autos were not permitted to enter the grounds, but the occupants were soon grouped around some of the instructors of the Raja-Yoga College. They all had fine faces, talked fluently in low, well-modulated voices, and wore a kind of khaki uniform that was becoming. Entertaining strangers thus is a part of their plan to bring their work to the attention of the world.

Whether their doctrines are good or bad, I decided that these men at least were very much in earnest and thoroughly believed in them. Many questions were asked which were answered freely. We learned that this Society stood for universal brotherhood—and the reincarnation of souls. They live in surroundings of great natural beauty in a park-like estate along the Pacific. The buildings, planned I understood by Madame Tingley, are harmonious and artistic—probably in some cases luxurious. The Society's chief income is from the school. Each child pays from \$700 to \$1500 a year for tuition and board, depending on his age. The instructors give their services free, but when they have no independent income the Society provides their food, shelter and clothing. There is no stipulation that the children have a theosophical bias when they enter, but the instructors must be believers. I decided that it was a good arrange-

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ment for somebody, but I am not so sure that the instructors are getting the best of it.

Our guide was at pains to refute a statement frequently made by outsiders to the effect that those who become affiliated with the Society are expected to give up all their worldly goods to it on entering. He added, however, as a conscientious afterthought, that of course most of the workers were so imbued with the importance of advancing the cause, that they usually gave as much as they could to it. He was a very nice clean-cut young man with an intellectual face, and a sensitive mouth. His chin, however, was not of the massive variety, so he would make an unresisting disciple.

At one point we were grouped on the steps of the College when, opposite us in the broad roadway with the fine trees as an effective background, came running a picturesque group of girls, about sixteen of them, one half in the Swiss peasant costume for girls, the other half as boys. The girls wore their hair in two braids down the back under jaunty caps; white guimpes, dark velvet boleros and plaid skirts. The "boys" wore broad-brimmed hats, long coats to the knees, and bloomers. A man—their instructor—in gipsy costume, played the violin and they executed a folk dance very prettily, running off in a volley of laughter as they finished. They

THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS

looked thoroughly well, and whatever may have been the state of their souls, their faces radiated health and good spirits.

A little farther along in the grounds we were serenaded by a student band of about twenty young men, and their music was both spirited and fine.

Gradually through the beautiful grounds our guide led us to the Greek theatre. The stone seats rise in tiers in a circle in the open air, and the stage has for its background a beautiful Doric temple through the columns of which, and past the green foliage beyond, one may follow the sweep of the Pacific—a wonderfully artistic setting. I never felt farther from Broadway.

A young instructor stepped forward and read a statement regarding the principles of the Society, and then the chief attraction of the afternoon was presented:

A group of children, ranging in age from about six to ten or eleven, twenty of them I should say, ran gayly in from the background, and with an appearance of confusion that was pleasing in effect, proceeded light-heartedly to range themselves in more or less regular lines. They were all in white and wore wreaths of rosebuds on their heads.

I was engrossed in watching the maneuvers of one mischievous four-year-old, the youngest of the group,

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who tried himself in one place first, then in another, and finally found himself well in advance of the front row staring enthusiastically at the spectators. He submitted to being pulled gently to the rear, with the unconcern of a puppy. Two young women, evidently instructors, in flowing Greek costume, played the violin as an accompaniment to a song by the children, and in the chorus they executed some pretty little steps, with motions of the head and arms. These, my Mischief, laboriously imitated, coming in regularly about a few seconds late on each, but with a friendly grin that would have captivated Cerberus.

When the singing was finished, the children seated themselves on the steps of the platform and began a sort of blank verse recitative of the principles of theosophy in antiphonal form. Some would rise when speaking, others remained seated, and even my Mischief had three words which he managed to say in the right place and then beamed delightedly on the audience.

Whatever the method of discipline and instruction pursued in this school, the children gave no evidence of being frightened or self-conscious. It seemed as if they regarded the performance as an amusing game in which we were unfortunate enough to be simply onlookers. Like all the other students we saw, these little ones were



DORIC TEMPLE IN GREEK THEATRE, OVERLOOKING PACIFIC
(THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS)

THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS.

the picture of health, and just to look at them did good like a medicine.

POINT LOMA

Making our way out of the grounds, we climbed into our machines and proceeded to Point Loma. This promontory juts out from the main land some twelve miles into the Pacific, at a height of from 400 to 500 feet. At its foot on one side is the little Bay of San Diego, and farther out, the peninsula of Coronado Beach, which separates the harbor of San Diego from the broad ocean. As far as the eye can reach, north, west, and south, stretches an expanse of blue water, which on that day was like a sapphire mirror, broken here and there by tiny points of white. As our auto neared the top of the headland I said to John that this must surely be the finest view of the Pacific on the entire coast. John accepted my statement without comment, as he frequently does, but a woman in the seat ahead turned to me as excitedly as if I had defamed her grandmother and said, "This is nothing compared with what you can see at San Francisco!" I was disposed to be conciliatory, meekly suggesting that I understood San Francisco was not on the Pacific but on San Francisco Bay, separated in fact from the Pacific by the Golden Gate. But it

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

availed nothing in the interests of peace. She claimed that large areas of San Francisco were on the Pacific. So I allowed the landscape to engross my attention while John became the more or less willing recipient of her impassioned address. Fortunately his specialty is looking good-natured under trying circumstances.

It turned out that we had encountered a "lady booster."

Having since traveled a thousand miles along the Pacific coast I am of the same opinion still; the view of the Pacific from Point Loma is the best I know.

As a wind-up to the day's sight-seeing, we had the chauffeur let us off at the railroad station for La Jolla (La Hohyah). It was then after five in the afternoon. A little local train filled with commuters carried us along the shore, past the foot of Point Loma, and on to a rocky bit of coast. Gradually all the passengers found their destinations, and we were almost the only ones going to the end of the line. We walked from the cars to the rocky shore where the surf was dashing up magnificently. The sea had worn these rocks into curious forms, in the shape of natural caves and arches. As we walked there, the sun set with unusual splendor over the glancing Pacific, and we decided that we should rather spend a month at La Jolla than at any other part of the coast.

SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION

The next day we went out to the San Diego Exposition which is finely situated on rising ground above the beautiful bay. The foliage, trees, and flowers were wonderful to us, being tropical in their luxuriance and wealth of color. The natural contour of the land admits of some charming landscape effects, including hills and canyons, and the blue sea beyond. The outside of this Exposition is satisfying to every sense.

The exhibits in the buildings were not extensive, but everything we saw was of interest. We liked to watch the Indians pursuing in their proper persons their various activities, such as basket and pottery making. And the pictures of Indians and the Southwest in the Indian Art Exhibit impressed us as the most striking and typical pictures we saw in California this summer.

But the sunny friendly atmosphere, and the beauty of the old-style Spanish architecture in its deep green setting were, after all, the best part. From time to time a group of Mexican dancers or singers in picturesque costume furnished impromptu entertainment in unexpected corners, and this lent a bewitching touch of life and movement to the scene.

Later we visited the ostrich farm and the Mission Cliff gardens. The latter are kept up, we understood, by the trolley company (!) and contained among other bo-

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

tanic displays at the time we visited them, about twenty thousand Easter lilies in full bloom—a solid acre or more of white fragrance. There is also a point of view in these gardens which commands a fine outlook over the Mission valley, with the old San Diego Mission, the first one founded by Father Serra, in the distance. Truly the eye is filled with seeing in California.

CORONADO BEACH

After a few days in San Diego we crossed the ferry to Coronado Beach intending to rest on our laurels over the week end. The ocean beach is on the outside edge of a long narrow peninsula directly on the Pacific, and the inside edge serves to hold in the waters of the Bay of San Diego and affords excellent still-water bathing.

The Hotel Del Coronado charmed us not only by its obvious beauties but by the air of sweet doing nothing that pervades everybody and everything. There are of course stimulating walks along the shore, and various other activities, but there is an irresistible tendency to lie back in an easy chair on one of the piazzas and watch the lazy Pacific with Point Loma in the distance, or for variety rest one's eyes on the greenness and tropical luxuriance of the grounds until—the eyelids close.

The dining room and the ball room roused our special

CORONADO BEACH

admiration. The walls are of finely polished woods with heavy cross-beam ceilings. The dining room is almost circular, with one end nearly all of glass, and as one sits at a little distance from this end, the room seems to be suspended over the sea. A good orchestra provides music, and there was a ball the evening we arrived. The beautiful room filled with prettily gowned women and their escorts made a goodly sight, and weary as we were, John and I danced for an hour with great enjoyment.

LOS ANGELES

With Monday afternoon, however, came the stern necessity of moving on; so at about three o'clock we crossed the ferry to the station in the hotel auto, and took the Southern Pacific train for Los Angeles. It is about a three hours' run, some one hundred and twenty-five miles, and for a good part of the way the track follows the coast. This makes the ride specially enjoyable.

We arrived in Los Angeles at about six, and went to a hotel in the heart of the city, which had been recommended principally for its convenience, and it is true that every trolley line in the city passed within ear-shot.

After dinner we went out to look about us. Los

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

Angeles looks more like lower New York than any other Western city we saw. The streets that night were so crowded with people that we made but slow progress. All the shop windows were brightly lighted, and altogether there was considerable electricity in evidence. The people in the streets looked like country folk who had come in to see the sights. As it happened there was to be an electrical pageant that evening, and this had attracted the crowds. Later the pageant came along.

On trolley trucks a number of gorgeous floats had been mounted, displaying among other things all kinds of California flowers in mammoth size. These floats moved along the tracks like regular trolley cars. In the heart of each flower was seated a pretty girl with flowing hair, gowned in white and wearing a wreath. We were impressed by the luxuriant tresses of these fair exhibits. The beauty of color and design, to say nothing of the pretty girls in their diaphonous gowns, was made wonderfully clear by the method of electric lighting, and altogether the pageant was one of the most remarkable I have ever seen. Later I learned that Los Angeles is past mistress in the art of conducting pageants.

But the noise! All night as I lay awake I tried to classify the different sorts and conditions of noises, and wondered how people managed to sleep within the city

LOS ANGELES

limits. One kind of noise is the incessant clanging of the trolley gong; another is the ear-splitting sound of heavy cars crossing tracks at every block, and even the automobiles added an unexpected quota. I decided that the startling effects in the way of reverberation must be due to the kind of pavement used, the narrowness of the streets and the high buildings.

The next morning John and I were unanimous on one point: Another night in Los Angeles would ruin our dispositions. So we hied us to Cook's for mail, and advice as to what one might see of the surrounding country in a day. We were advised to take the sight-seeing auto to Pasadena, some eleven miles away, in the morning, and then make connections across country, some eleven miles more, for the Mission play at San Gabriel in the afternoon, and so we did.

Pasadena is at its best, they say, in March and April, but we found it beautiful enough for us in June. Two very large and fashionable hotels there are open only three months of the year, February, March and April. We could not see that Pasadena is more attractive than Riverside, unless it be that the mountains are closer, but certain it is that it attracts more millionaires to the square inch than any other place in the West. We passed the homes of twenty-six of them in four

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

blocks, and there were a hundred others in the same neighborhood.

Had we not seen Riverside first, we should probably have yielded the palm to Pasadena as the ideal inland resort of California, but either city has enough beauty of foliage and scenery, to say nothing of climate, to satisfy the most exacting.

On the way to Pasadena we stopped at the Busch gardens, and were conducted through them by our big, good-natured guide. These gardens were the property of the late Mr. Busch, of Anheuser fame. They probably cover as much ground as Prospect Park, and are filled with every variety of flower and tree that will grow in southern California, which bars very few. It seems Mr. Busch offered to give these gardens to the city for the use of the public on condition that the city would pay for their up-keep, a matter of five thousand dollars a month. But, as our guide remarked sarcastically, "Being poor folks, they couldn't see it." Mr. Busch, therefore, made provision in his will for maintaining the gardens, and the public has free access to them.

A quaint device is the placing of groups of manikins in unexpected bypaths to illustrate certain fairy tales and nursery rhymes, such as Red Riding Hood, Rip Van Winkle, Snow White, and many others. These were

PASADENA

originally intended for the diversion of Mr. Busch's children—he had thirteen I think—but they are by no means without interest for children of a larger growth.

The chief beauty of these gardens is that for the most part they have been left in their natural state. Except for keeping the paths and lawns in order, there is no attempt to conform to any rule of thumb. Everything apparently just grew. But with the climate and soil of Pasadena to begin with, and a millionaire's purse to add the finishing touches, the result is perhaps different from what could have been achieved elsewhere.

After the Busch gardens, we visited the alligator farm where thousands of these unprepossessing creatures are on view. Some of them went through certain performances for our benefit. For instance, one waddled up a flight of steps about thirty feet high at the command of the keeper, remained stationary on the top platform until the word was given, and then plunged headlong down a slide into a pool of water on the other side. They are somewhat cannibalistic, it seems, and are given to chewing off the tail or the leg of a brother when feasible. When they make it a head, the victim has nothing more to say; otherwise the wounds heal quickly. We saw one old fellow about five hundred years old from the banks of the Nile—or was it the

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

Ganges? He bore many honorable scars, but could still imbibe nourishment from his own kind.

There is an ostrich farm, too, through which we wandered, but I could not see that the inhabitants were much of an improvement on the alligators in the way of seductiveness. The fact is, the ostrich is a dirty drab in color, or sometimes a rusty black, and his plumes can only be seen when he is scared into flapping his wings. They may then be seen close to his body, generally a yellowish white or a dull brown in color. Those who are short on plumes are generally long on legs, and can be utilized for racing purposes, so they pay their way in some fashion.

THE MISSION PLAY

Seeing this play is one of the most interesting things we did in California, because it had the effect of carrying us back to the days of Father Junipero Serra and his missions, and it helped us to understand and sympathize with those times which in years are of yesterday, but in atmosphere and conditions seem to belong to the barbaric ages.

The character of Father Serra is finely portrayed, and it gave to at least one Protestant in the audience a new and impressive conception of the splendid heroism

THE MISSION PLAY

and unflinching devotion of those old padres with whom the conversion of the Indians was a supreme passion. The Indians, the Spanish explorers, and the Mexican dancing girls, all contributed their share to the brilliant color scheme and the glowing atmosphere.

There is an effective setting in the second act showing the interior of the Carmel Mission at Monterey where, through an open door in the back, the Pacific is seen sweeping restlessly shoreward—represented in actual color and motion. Later we visited the original of this scene hundreds of miles away and verified its accuracy.

The fact that a play of this kind can be made to appeal so strongly to the blasé modern tourist says something for the good that lies in most of us sleeping but never dead.

From San Gabriel we returned hastily to Los Angeles—a distance of about ten miles—to keep a dinner engagement, and from there we proceeded to the railroad station. I am sorry that the city's din cut short our stay there, because some of the most likable people we met on our trip were Los Anglicans, and we should like to have known their city better.

SANTA BARBARA

The hundred miles or so between Los Angeles and

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

Santa Barbara we traveled between eight and eleven at night—a sleepy ride for us, because of the day's activities. But at the station we found the hotel auto awaiting us, and in short order we were crossing the threshold of the Arlington.

Everything was quiet, and mostly in darkness, with only the night clerk and the porters in evidence, but instantly we felt at home. This effect is the more remarkable because the building throughout is strictly mission in style, rather severe and monastic when one examines details, and yet curiously restful in its general effect.

The doors and window casings are of heavy dark wood. Hinges and locks are of massive iron in ancient design. The walls are thick even between the bedrooms, insuring deep quiet. The dining room has a plain brick wainscoting about ten feet high, and a series of rough brick columns support the plain arches on which the plaster ceiling rests. There is a total absence of any softening device in the finish or decoration, and yet the effect is bright and charming. This is partly achieved by the lavish use of flowers on the tables, and is partly the result of the charming views of the grounds from the large windows.

But Santa Barbara's attractions are many. First of all, the whole atmosphere is delightful; nothing jars.

SANTA BARBARA

The sunshine seems specially golden here. Even the business buildings are artistic, and we mistook the Post Office for a handsome public library or art gallery.

In the morning we climbed to the heights on which the new Normal school is built. A summer course was in session, and after enjoying the view from the outside corridors, we visited some of the classrooms. The plan here, as in many Western schools, is to spend as much time in the open air as possible. All assemblies and many of the lectures are held under the open sky, since the weather always permits, at least for six months of the year. Everywhere on our trip we perceived that the question of education is uppermost in the Western mind.

Walking down the hill a little distance, we came to the famous and wonderfully picturesque old Santa Barbara Mission, which is the best preserved of any of the missions founded by Father Serra. What struck me forcibly in regard to all of them that I saw is their artistic setting. To have walked through the California of one hundred and fifty years ago, and with unerring eye to have picked out sites which today are still choice spots, seems a marvelous achievement.

We were conducted through this mission by a monk in the garb of his order—Franciscan, I think. He made

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

us free of the place, except the Sacred Garden, which is never entered by women. Instantly some of us decided that life held but one interest and that was to see the Sacred Garden. Some tried cajolery and others would not have stopped at bribes but accidentally discovered, perhaps with the monk's assistance—since a gleam of cynical amusement lighted up his grave exterior—that the Garden could be viewed from the top of the tower. Whereupon, fat and thin of us precipitately scrambled up the winding narrow stairs and arrived breathlessly at the top of the bell tower. The surrounding country, undulating and lovely, stretched away on every side to the base of the dim mountains, or to the shores of the Pacific, but we feasted our eyes long and searchingly on the forbidden territory, and were satisfied.

All too soon Santa Barbara came to an end—for us, but for what we had had we were thankful.

DEL MONTE AND MONTEREY

We left Santa Barbara at about eleven in the morning and arrived at Del Monte, some 375 miles distant, at nine in the evening. The ride is wonderfully picturesque, close to the Pacific most of the way. The land is either rolling and covered with grass and trees to the water's edge, or the surf dashes heavily against rocky

DEL MONTE AND MONTEREY

cliffs. Indeed the panorama is so continuous and so fascinating, that it is hard to tear one's eyes away even at mealtimes. It was dark when we reached Del Monte, a station especially built for the hotel, and a few minutes later we were ushered into the cheerful office of the Hotel Del Monte.

We had broken our trip at Monterey for the express purpose of taking the Seventeen-Mile Drive which Baedeker pronounces the finest in the country. This Drive winds over roads and through grounds belonging to the Hotel Del Monte, and we planned to take it in company with four of our fellow-travelers from Santa Barbara, in one of the comfortable autos of the hotel.

We first drove through the historic old town of Monterey, about a mile from the hotel, and our driver pointed out a number of "first" things. These included the first theatre in California, the first house of sawed wood, the first Governor's house when Monterey was the capital under Spanish dominion, and the first tin house, which had been made in the East and brought around the Horn in sections.

The guide book says: "Before the Pilgrim Fathers touched Plymouth Rock, Cabrillo discovered Monterey Bay. Here Father Serra lived, died, and is buried; here Fremont, the Pathfinder, fought and passed on; here the

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

constitution of California was framed; and here in later days, came Robert Louis Stevenson."

The house that interested us most was the one in which Stevenson had lodged. It is a square stone house, probably pretentious in its early days but now very squalid in its surroundings. It could not have been very comfortable even in the days when Tusitala was there. As a rule the man who is out of health makes a tragic mistake in going West in the expectation of *working his way*. For Stevenson, however, the move was fortunate, since it was in these parts that he first met the future Mrs. Stevenson.

And meanwhile we are riding out from Monterey through bits of forest, and then along the shore line of the Pacific. No other stretch of the coast is so varied as this. The deep green of the Monterey pines and cedars growing out from the jagged rocks at the very water's edge and twisted into fantastic shape by the winds of the Pacific, together with the splendid surf, give a special character to this landscape.

At one point we passed some rocky islands near the shore, covered with seals, and another island that we passed was the home of hundreds of pelicans in plain view.

Mixed with our impressions of land and sea and sky

MONTEREY

are some fragments of our conversation as we rode along. One of our party was a Canadian Editor who, with his wife, had been over most of the ground which John and I had just covered. His literary bias interested me, while a philosophical trend in his thinking attracted John. Some one said, rather frivolously, "If we are a part of all that we have seen, this ride should add to our bulk." But the Editor responded more seriously. "I think it is truer to say, we are a part of all that we have *done*." Our talk I remember ranged in desultory fashion from the Mission Play to theosophy, and at last touched on the immortality of the soul. In connection with this subject I remember the Editor's thoughtful look as he said slowly, "If we could only *know*!"

Part of this drive took us through the artists' colony at Carmel-by-the-sea, a truly delightful retreat, and then we made our way out to the Carmel Mission, the one pictured in the second act of the Mission Play, and the one in which Father Serra is buried. The Editor said that he regarded it as the most interesting place in California and I was inclined to agree with him.

The Mission stands in an isolated spot. Near by are the ruins of the house in which Father Serra lived, and not far distant in the background sparkles the Pacific. It is strongly built, and still in good enough

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

condition to be used for public service once a month. It is doubtful, however, if the sight-seeing tourist would ever find his way to this little church, except for the sentiment expressed by our Editor: The influence of the old padre is still strong enough to make us want to see where he lies.

We came back by the "higher drive" which has only recently been completed, and which makes a wonderful climax to the original drive. In going out we had followed the shore line close to the sea. Now, in returning, we climbed the rim of a series of hills overlooking the ocean and giving a splendid outlook. Our impression of this drive reminded me of Stevenson's words: "We who have only looked at a country over our shoulder so to speak, as we went by, will have a conception of it far more memorable and articulate than a man who has lived there all his life, and had his impression of today modified by that of tomorrow, and belied by that of the day after." And so, because of our one perfect glimpse, when there was nothing wanting in earth or sea or sky that could enhance the beauty of the scene, Monterey will live for us always as a magical spot.

At about three in the afternoon we took the train for San Francisco, taking the round-about route via Santa Cruz so as to pass the Big Trees. The distance is only





MIDWAY POINT IN "SEVENTEEN-MILE DRIVE" AT MONTEREY

MONTEREY

125 miles but it took us nearly five hours to cover it. At about six o'clock we approached the Big Trees—they have a station all their own, by that name. There was not time to get off the train, but we passed within a stone's throw of some of the largest, and they were certainly tremendous in girth and height.

The road from this point to San Francisco—some sixty miles—runs through the wildest country I have ever seen. The track is bordered by deep ravines from which great trees emerge to a wonderful height. The undergrowth is so heavy and the whole setting so lonely that we could readily believe the statement of a fellow-passenger that more "hold-ups" take place in this particular stretch of road than anywhere else in California. But it is all very fascinating, and I remember that Jack London has a cabin—he may call it a bungalow—in the loneliest part. If he wrote *The Call of the Wild* there, he selected an unusually appropriate environment. Then came San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO

We had not been too hot in any place, but we were rather too cool for comfort in San Francisco. Everywhere men wore their overcoats, and women wore fur stoles or broad woolen mufflers about their throats, and

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

it was nearing July! We came up the peninsula and into the old Third Street station which is not the usual method of approach. Most passengers arrive via Oakland and cross the ferry to San Francisco, the greater part of which is located on the inside of the long peninsula. Most San Franciscans, therefore, are looking toward the mainland at Oakland, instead of out through the Golden Gate to the Pacific. A sparsely settled part of the city extends to the other side of the peninsula and is actually on the Pacific.

San Francisco is a thoroughly likable city. I was at once struck by the fact that there is more of the Parisian attitude and spirit among San Franciscans than I ever found anywhere else outside of Paris. The gayety and buoyancy, the delight in outdoor life and indeed in all kinds of amusement, and the preference for living in apartments with meals at restaurants, can hardly be duplicated in any other American city. Thousands of small families live in two- and three-room apartments and have all their meals outside. The result is that the restaurants are exceptionally good.

The breeziness of San Francisco is notorious. The sight-seeing auto guide refers to it humorously on each trip as being remarkable for that particular season, "because" he conscientiously adds, "it is usually much

SAN FRANCISCO

worse." This unexpected turn helps to restore good-humor to the wind-blown passengers. There is plenty of sun, but there are few cases of sunstroke. The sun's rays are so copiously diluted with Pacific breezes that fans are superfluous except perhaps in September when, we were told, the trade winds blow in the opposite direction.

San Francisco stands on five large hills and this gives an up-and-downness to the streets that called forth the invention of the cable car. At least the cable car made its first appearance there. There is no sense of being crowded. The streets are wide and well paved, though there are still hundreds of gaps where the charred foundations testify to the ravages of the fire. The fire destroyed \$500,000,000 worth of property. Since then \$750,000,000 have been spent in rebuilding, and it is estimated that as much more must still be spent before it shall become the city its loyal citizens have planned.

One finds the American spirit in a more unadulterated or sublimated state in California than in any other part of the Union, perhaps. We were interested to hear the modest explanation of this state of affairs which was vouchsafed by one of our drivers. He said, only the best and most energetic people of the East have the pluck to come West and settle. California's population, there-

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fore. includes the cream of every other State, with some of Europe's best, thrown in. Assuming, then, that every Californian is a picked man who has left his original environment in order to get out of the rut and to do his possible, it stands to reason, he argued, that the cleverest ideas and the broadest outlook in the world, with the largest philanthropy, should be found right here. If they were only a little less diffident, those Californians!

On our first night in San Francisco we did nothing more exciting than go to bed. We had secured very comfortable rooms in the St. Francis hotel, which is new and handsome, and had been filled to capacity every night since the Exposition opened, we were told.

The next morning we took a sight-seeing auto trip through the city and out by way of the Golden Gate Park to the Seal Rocks and the Cliff House. The park is truly beautiful, but the seal rocks were minus seals, and the Cliff House reminded me of Coney Island in the matter of diversions provided for the tourist. The view from Cliff House across the Harbor to the Golden Gate disappointed us. The water was brownish in color, almost the color of the rocks, and the hills were entirely bare—an evidence of the persistence of the Pacific winds. This gave a rather monotonous effect to the whole, at

SAN FRANCISCO

midday. At sunset, however, as we discovered later, the color scheme is very different. Then, the hills stand out darkly, the water is more translucent, and the sky is wonderful.

THE EXPOSITION

The planning and carrying out of the Panama-Pacific Exposition is an extremely creditable performance, and cannot fail to give every visitor a new and enlarged vision of Western possibilities. To have accomplished this great undertaking so soon after the fire, and in spite of the war in Europe, indicates a degree of courage and optimism that after all is specially characteristic of this particular city.

We had our first glimpse of the Exposition in the afternoon. The exterior of the buildings, and the grounds, leave nothing to be desired in the way of beauty. Fountains, miniature lakes, splendid flower beds, shrubbery, and statues, all delighted the eyes, while the soft cream tones of the buildings with their terra-cotta roofs and French green trimmings, were thoroughly restful to look at. Even the pavements seemed to be of a specially non-tiring composition, since we walked for hours at a stretch on several days without unusual fatigue.

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

We were charmed with it all, and liked watching the people, too. There were some country folk, with the sharply cut features and keen glance that one comes to associate with middle-western farmers, a large sprinkling of Japanese and Chinese with their women-folk and children, and a number of well-dressed women from all parts of the country. The proportion was about five women to one man.

We realized that it was going to be impossible to see all the exhibits, or indeed half of them, in the five days at our disposal, so we decided to limit our efforts to seeing the few things that specially interested us, keeping ourselves more or less on the alert for the new and unexpected.

The two single exhibits that made the strongest impression on us were, first, the display of modern Italian sculpture from Florence, which included some of the most exquisite small pieces I have ever seen; and second, the exhibit of Japanese embroidery-pictures. One life-size picture of a tiger stalking through a jungle that I recall, also a marvelous marine, were both executed entirely in silk thread, and were startling in their fidelity to nature and in their realistic effect. They formed an interesting contrast to some of the weird productions in the American Art Exhibit.

THE EXPOSITION

In sculpture, however, we Americans more than held our own. There were at least a dozen pieces that seemed masterly to us, but the one that made the strongest appeal was *The End of the Trail*. The portrayal of utter exhaustion in Indian and horse is perfect. But the meaning of the statue, the underlying thought, that the discovering and building up of the far West had meant just that kind of supreme effort to thousands of adventurous hearts—this was what brought a lump to the throat, as one grasped its significance.

The Department of Social Science and Care of Children occupied considerable space. There was a sort of mothers' competition on the day we were there, to decide as to the most perfectly developed child, and in a glass-covered room we saw a chubby little fellow about a year old, standing undressed on a table while his measurements were being taken by a trained nurse. I never saw a more beautifully formed child and he had a face and head like a young god, but he cried as if heartbroken, despite his mother's attempts at comfort. A boy who was a keenly interested spectator remarked feelingly, "That kid can see through the game that is being worked on him, and he doesn't like it!"

I hope this baby won the prize; his mother certainly deserved it.

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

For the mechanically-minded there was perhaps the largest satisfaction, since nearly half the entire Exposition was devoted to achievements along mechanical lines in the past ten years. Very popular also were the motion pictures.

It was assumed that the public would look at these pictures when their attention could be held in no other way. So instead of literature, or models, or maps, every manufacturer who had anything to display, and above all every section of the country which believed most emphatically in its past, present, and future, relied largely on this means of bringing the public to a saving knowledge of the facts. The motion pictures alone would have placed this Exposition in a class by itself.

While passing through the buildings of Hawaii, the Philippines, Argentine, or Cuba, for instance, the visitor is earnestly entreated to look at the motion pictures, entirely free, which show the leading industries, the type of scenery, and the people at work and at play on their native heath. In this entertaining fashion one is beguiled into storing the mind with scenes that will thereafter be inevitably associated with that particular country. And then the restfulness of sitting back in a comfortable chair in a darkened room while imbibing this information!

THE EXPOSITION

Another very effective form of display for stationary objects was the diorama, which was used almost as frequently as motion pictures.

In the French Building for instance, which by many was thought to contain the finest exhibit on the grounds, in a large darkened room one may walk around the sides and look into one aperture after another, to find the splendid old chateaux and cathedrals, as well as some of the finest scenery of France displayed in miniature, beautifully lighted, colored, and thoroughly realistic. The French exhibit also contained many interesting souvenirs of Lafayette and Napoleon, besides three busts of Benjamin Franklin(!). There were also beautiful Gobelin tapestries, and Sèvres porcelains, and most popular of all, a large room devoted to the display of dainty models wearing the latest French fashions in gowns, hats and shoes. I saw men, here and there, painfully trying to fix some of the dazzling details in their memories, against the day when their distant women-folk would insist on particulars.

The building which on the whole seemed most satisfactory to visitors as an American exhibit, was the Canadian Building. It was certainly worth while for us of the United States to see the imposing display which our fellow-Americans over the border could make. The

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grains, the fruits, the animals and birds, and the portrayal of Canadian scenery in the form of diorama, were all amazing and admirable.

The lighting of the Exposition by night was of course the feature that roused the greatest enthusiasm. The plan of throwing light on the buildings from powerful stationary search lights, some three hundred and fifty of them within a small radius, in such a way that no source of light is visible, was the most ingenious and artistic device of the entire exposition. Each building stood out in all its colors and perspectives in a luminous atmosphere which gave a wonderfully soft and brilliant effect.

But we found San Francisco an interesting city, aside from the Exposition.

CHINATOWN

On Saturday night we joined a sight-seeing auto party which was to visit Chinatown with a guide. I had no curiosity, and less wish, to see this "sight," but John felt it was one of the things to do, so naturally I went too.

After looking down on the Exposition from the top of Fillmore Street hill, to get the effect of the lighting in the Exposition from this vantage point, we proceeded to

CHINATOWN

Chinatown. This section, it seems, is new since the fire, and has not the degraded appearance one might expect. Everywhere the streets are filled with Chinese women and children, with some men, but all very quiet and orderly. In perhaps ten blocks we did not see a Caucasian face. We first visited the Chinese telephone exchange where we saw dozens of young Chinese girls with their hair hanging in a heavy braid, tending the switchboards and answering all calls in Chinese. They seemed very deft and intelligent, and absolutely businesslike. There was no exchange of conversation and they seemed quite indifferent to the close scrutiny of the visitors.

We also visited the Chinese department store of Sing Fat & Co., having a million-dollar stock. This store remains open until midnight, at least on Saturdays, and all the attendants are Chinese. We were "turned loose" in this store for about fifteen minutes, presumably for the good of trade. The Chinese salesgirls spoke good English and were also businesslike and courteous.

Our guide then told us that we should have the privilege of being received in the home of a woman whose family name is familiar to every American, in connection with wealth and social position. Also that in this home we should be able to see many interesting relics of the San Francisco fire.

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

The announcement puzzled me. I could not conceive that any member of the family in question would permit sight-seers to enter her home late at night either for love or money. Nor was I more enlightened when we stopped before a dark-looking building that looked like a tenement, in the heart of Chinatown, and filed into a shop on the ground floor.

We were then introduced, en masse, to the lady and her husband—a Chinaman!

Our attention was quickly drawn to all sorts of curious things, mostly for sale, that had been dug up after the fire, but I had no eyes for anything but our "hostess." Some men of the party were evidently as dumbfounded as I was, and crowded round the guide near the door to question him in undertones. I drew as near as possible and learned that this woman, the granddaughter of a governor, and the sister of a prominent society woman, was the wife of this Chinaman and the mother of his children.

Looking into her face, I tried to fathom her mental make-up. She was still young, and had been very good-looking, with fair hair and blue eyes, but now she was growing very stout. She had not adopted the Chinese dress, but wore a light blue silk kimono, and in order to imitate the Chinese style of hairdressing as closely as

CHINATOWN

possible, she had pieced out her braids with red cord at the ends in order to make them long enough to go around her head in the desired fashion. Her eyes were dull and bloodshot, but in the tones of her voice, and in her manner, there were reminders of other days.

I looked closely at her husband standing beside her in silence, much her senior and fairly intelligent looking, but still a Chinaman, and kept asking myself "How could she?"

Then I looked at her daughters who were present, aged about twelve and sixteen. They wore the regulation Chinese dress for women, wide black silk trousers and a long black silk coat reaching to the knees. They had black eyes and wore their hair in long braids coiled around their heads, but they were very pretty, and modest in demeanor.

The elder standing close to me, was explaining certain curios in a well-modulated voice and in perfect English. She seemed very proud of her mother and referred to her constantly as she might to a queen. I throttled the suspicion that she was simply exploiting her mother as the chief curio of the collection, and preferred to think that the child regarded her mother as a wonderful being.

The beauty and ingenuousness of these two girls

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

was the only ray of light in what seemed to me a depressing picture. I wondered whether fate had done better or worse for them in having decreed that the blood of an American governor should run in their veins.

After this, there were some "underground sights" to be inspected, but I emphatically demurred. So as the rest of our party left the auto and disappeared down an unsavory-looking basement bent on further investigation, John and I turned our steps hotelward.

A WESTERN SERMON

The next morning, we attended Dr. Aked's church—the First Congregational, which was next door to our hotel. This church was destroyed in the fire, and had been rebuilt and completed only a few months before. It is very handsome and modern in its equipment. The beautiful square ceiling radiates a form of indirect lighting which fills the building with a soft golden glow, clear enough for reading, yet very restful to the eyes. And then Dr. Aked spoke.

His topic was Armageddon. He caught my attention at the beginning by his opening comment on Revelations. Some of the most pious men and scholarly Bible students, he said, do not like the book of Revelations. To them it seems a quarry from which anyone may dig

A WESTERN SERMON

a rock to hurl at his antagonist, and it certainly has proved a happy hunting ground for freaks. This, said the Doctor, was due to the fact that people had always insisted on regarding the book as prophetic, and had accepted its symbolic terms as veiled allusions to what was to happen in distant centuries.

Everyone, he continued, has his own pet explanation of the Beast, and, as a result, this term has been conscientiously fitted to almost every prominent man who has lived in the past two thousand years. As a matter of fact, however, the explanation of the symbolic terms, he said, is simple. At the time Revelations was written, in the days of Nero, the burning and torturing of Christians was an every-day occurrence, and the author of Revelations set himself the task of inspiring these martyrs to meet their fate bravely. He must make them feel that the cause for which they are suffering is ultimately to triumph, and that therefore for them to die in this cause is great gain. The Beast, and the number 666, used interchangeably, were clearly understood by those Roman Christians to refer to Nero himself. One can readily see why the disguise was necessary; and other terms had a like symbolism for the same reason. The book thus assumes a different aspect, and its message of inspiration and assurance that right will eventually triumph make it

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

one of the most glorious books of the Bible, he said.

From the consideration of Armageddon or "battle-ground of the ancients," a term which had the same meaning for them that "Waterloo" has for us, the Doctor turned to the present war.

He neither upheld nor denounced any of the participants, but contended that war itself was an unmitigated evil, a hopeless resort to barbarism and savagery, and that therefore it behooved us in this free land to hold to peace. To be sure, it might call for a little strength of character, a little willingness to have our friends malign us, and our enemies call us cowards, but considering what the Christian martyrs endured, surely we could stand that much. Look at the brave boys dying in the trenches! he exclaimed. Which brave boys? All of them, English, German, Russian, French—all gladly *dying for war*, while we, enlightened, comfortable mortals, *we are afraid to live for peace!*

This sermon seemed to voice the feeling of the whole West, as we sensed it, on the subject of the European war, so it impressed itself the more strongly on our memories.

THE POODLE DOG.

During our stay in San Francisco we were invited to lunch with a prominent business man there. Our host,

THE POODLE DOG

whom I will call Mr. X, asked me if I had any preference as to where we should go. I answered that I should like to go to the restaurant most typical of San Francisco; and he said, "The Poodle Dog is the place."

It is a French restaurant, and has the unpretending exterior of its class in Paris. As we entered, the proprietor, Louis, came forward, and cordially shook hands with our host, and then with us, after being introduced. He personally led the way to a table, the waiters standing meekly aside, and himself presented the menu. Mr. X. said, "You know I don't want to be bothered with picking things out on that list; just get us something good to eat."

The Frenchman then proceeded to the kitchen to give instructions as to our repast, with a result that certainly justified his reputation as a connoisseur in the culinary art. Each dish was a specialty of the chef, and should have satisfied an epicure.

Just what we had to eat I have no longer clearly in mind, but my recollection of our conversation is still vivid.

Our host was delightful, and I fancy he might be in considerable demand as a dinner guest. By means of anecdotes and personal experiences he gave us an insight into western life which we could not have obtained

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

otherwise.

Having been born and brought up, he explained, in "that little village near New York—perhaps we had heard the name—Philadelphia?" and then lived perhaps twenty years in the West, he could both see the West with eastern eyes, and the East with western eyes.

In connection with the subject of smoking, I asked him if many western women smoke. He replied in the affirmative, and related the following:

An intimate friend of his had asked him to dinner, and when he arrived she took him aside and explained that the guest of honor was a distinguished professor of law at the University—incidentally a woman. Her own husband, she continued, was unavoidably absent, and it would therefore devolve on Mr. X. to take this lady in to dinner.

The victim wildly protested that he could never think of anything to say to a lady law professor, but his hostess was firm. "You've simply got to do it, Billy, so there's no use talking."

"Billy," which was not his name by the way, postponed the evil moment as long as he dared, then sought out the Professor, and lightly informed her that he believed he was to be her burden throughout dinner.

He said they managed to get through the first course

THE POODLE DOG

somehow. He "spurred for time" by asking random questions and trying to prove that he was a good listener. He remembers noting with painful satisfaction that the entrée had been reached without any special disaster. Then his eye fell on the little package of cigarettes which had been placed at every plate. With feverish haste he seized one and asked "Have I your permission to smoke?" To which the lady replied, "Yes, if I have yours."

The shock of this response was nearly his undoing, but he quickly recovered, and from that time on they smoked together between courses in easy fashion, and discussed every subject under the sun.

Seeming to detect a pernicious moral to this tale I asked, "Does Mrs. X. smoke?" "Oh, no," he returned quickly, "my wife doesn't smoke." which seemed to be different.

A discussion of the Chinese as house servants brought out this incident: Mrs. X. had engaged a Chinese boy (they are all boys, without regard to age) to cook, and he had agreed, without any objections, to work for thirty dollars a month. One day he made a pie which was bad pie, and some one told him so.

"You no like that pie?" he instantly queried. "That thirty dollar pie. Thirty-five dollar pie more better pie."

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

Finally, as the meal came to an end, John said. "I suppose nothing would induce you to go back East?"

To our surprise our host hesitated, and then answered, "I'm not so sure about that. As a place to live in, the West is perfect; but when it comes to business—you see, our field is limited. The County of Cook in Illinois has more population than the eleven Western states put together."

"But" encouraged John, "your population is growing every day isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," he conceded slowly, "but meanwhile" and his fine blue eyes flashed a comic glance in my direction, "Darling, we are growing old!"

From which we inferred that there are times when even the enthusiastic Westerner grows a trifle impatient over the wide spaces that are still to be filled up, and the sparsely populated miles that stretch between cities in the West.

A WESTERN POET

One evening we were present at an informal talk in Dr. Aked's church by Edwin Markham, author of *The Man with the Hoe*. A real, live poet has special attractions for me, especially if he looks the part.

Mr. Markham is well along in years and looks quite

A WESTERN POET

patriarchal, but he spoke very interestingly, mostly in a reminiscent mood. He read some prose extracts from one of his books explaining the geological history of the Sierras. I was interested to learn that while this continent was still a watery waste, the first points of dry land to emerge were one in the far northeast, near Labrador, I think, and the Sierra Nevadas in southern California. This would indicate that Yosemite is one of the oldest parts of the Western Hemisphere, if his geology is correct.

Finally, by special request, Mr. Markham read *The Man with the Hoe*. His introductory remarks were amusing. He said *The Man with the Hoe* was his Frankenstein, the thing he had given life to, and which he could never afterwards escape from. He also added more seriously that he had been accused of denouncing labor in this poem, which, he said, was farthest from his intentions. "I have always felt" he continued, expressing the exact idea of the Canadian Editor at Monterey, "That our work makes us what we are." He then added, "But there is a difference between work and drudgery."

He read the poem very effectively, and I for one felt sorry that this intense bit of writing should not be better known,

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

Our stay in San Francisco was broken into two parts by our trip to Yosemite. Whether it should be Yosemite or Yellowstone was the mooted point in our discussions, and the deciding vote fell on Yosemite because we felt we were less likely to pass that way again.

We started from San Francisco at about nine in the morning, first crossing the bay to Oakland. After a four hours' ride we reached Merced, which is the junction for the Yosemite Valley Railroad, about one hundred and thirty miles from San Francisco. This railroad runs up through the Merced River Canyon some seventy-five or eighty miles to El Portal, the entrance to Yosemite National Park.

For sixty miles the train follows the river at the bottom of a steep gorge, reminding one a little of the Royal Gorge in Colorado. The river plunges along at great speed and over many rapids, while in some places remnants of the old mining days are to be seen,

"The days of old
The days of gold
The days of '49."

For the greater distance the sides of the canyon are so steep that one can hardly see the sky from the car windows. At about six in the evening we came to El Portal and the very comfortable hotel where we were to spend the night.

YOSEMITE

Next morning bright and early, at seven to be precise, we started by auto stage for the Valley, some fourteen miles from El Portal.

The Yosemite National Park is about thirty-five by forty-eight miles in extent, but the Valley, which is the chief jewel of the Park, is only about one mile wide and eight or nine miles long. As one looks down on this valley from above, it seems like a grassy meadow with the river flowing swiftly through the middle, and bordered all the way by overhanging trees.

The introduction this year of auto stages marks a great improvement over the old style of horse-drawn vehicles. What these new stages lack in picturesqueness is more than made up by their greater comfort, cleanliness and speed. The air is delightfully crisp and clear in the early morning, and the sky—really heavenly.

Our road wound around a ledge some thirty or forty feet above the river with fine trees overhead for most of the way. This road is kept in good condition by Uncle Sam, and is sprinkled daily, since dust is the chief bane of Yosemite.

We were enjoined by our chauffeur to be on the lookout for our first view of the Valley, known as Grand View, which he said was the best there was. I am not sure that it is the best, but it is wonderfully fine and ex-

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

tremely worth while as a first glimpse.

On one side El Capitan rises some three thousand feet, a mass of sheer rock, with the Three Brothers beyond still higher. On the other side one sees first the beautiful Bridal Veil Falls dropping nine hundred feet, with the Three Graces and the Cathedral Spires a little farther in, and near the center of the Valley stands the Sentinel Rock more than four thousand feet above the Valley and about eight thousand feet above sea level. Closing in the end of the vista is the highest peak of all, Half Dome, nearly nine thousand feet above sea level.

But the greenness and the quiet meant more to me than feet of rock or space, and the softness of the atmosphere seemed to bring these great granite masses down to comparatively cosy dimensions. As the Canadian Editor had said, "One is chiefly impressed by the friendliness of nature in Yosemite. You feel" he added, with a smile lurking in his brown eyes, "that you want to hug it."

All too soon we had covered the fourteen miles, and found ourselves at the Sentinel Hotel in the center of the Valley before the morning was half over. With the Sentinel Rock in front and the Yosemite Falls dropping from a height of twenty-six hundred feet directly in back, there was no lack of scenery practically on the

YOSEMITE

premises. And the only sound was the bird notes in the trees along the river that almost touched the hotel in its onward sweep, and the softened rumble of the falls about a quarter of a mile distant.

Our first afternoon was spent in resting and in planning our campaign for the brief time at our disposal. The trail to Glacier Point past Mirror Lake, Happy Isles, and Vernal and Nevada Falls, seemed the one thing impossible to omit. It involved riding on horseback—or mule back—some sixteen miles, climbing up the zigzag trail that makes the ascent of more than three thousand feet in twelve miles, and returning by the short trail which drops the same distance in four miles.

A MULE RIDE

Blithely at seven the next morning we set out for Glacier Point. Our first three miles to Mirror Lake were covered by stage. Here there was some delay while a party of twenty-five or so were more or less accurately fitted to the horses or mules which they were to ride. John and I both insisted on mules because of their reputation for sure-footedness, and so we started out in company with a family of five from Los Angeles under our own special guide.

By chance, and with no particular eye to decorative

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

effect, I led the van, immediately behind the guide, and we proceeded in single file. There was nothing fiery about my steed. In fact he was slow without being too sure, which incensed the guide. Three separate times he came back to me with a newly cut switch which he instructed me to apply vigorously in order not to "hold up the procession." But I was too much occupied with my own sensations to give much thought to the mule.

The ascent, on the whole, barring the discomfort in transportation, was certainly our most wonderful experience. We wound up and up zigzag fashion, and at times I could look down, from my vantage point at the head of the line, to as many as twelve different rows on different levels, as the long train of mules or horses and their riders followed the trail.

We came first to Vernal Falls, a splendid body of water dropping three hundred and fifty feet (the height of Niagara is only one hundred and sixty-two feet.) Toiling up to the foot of these falls, we gradually climbed up the sides and across the top, and still on, until we came to the Nevada Falls, the most imposing falls in the Valley in volume. They are six hundred and fifty feet high. We approached these from below, crossed over a bridge at their base, made our way up the side, fly fashion, and crossed the bridge at the top.



BRIDAL VEIL, 900 ft. YOSEMITE, 2600 ft. VERNAL, 350 ft. NEVADA, 650 ft.

FALLS IN YOSEMITE VALLEY

A MULE RIDE

Both of these beautiful falls are simply the Merced River taking its troubled way to the sea. We had followed its course for at least eighty miles from Merced to Nevada Falls, and in no place was the river navigable for even the shortest distance. Still we kept the uneven tenor of our way, and after four hours of continual climbing, we reached Glacier Point Hotel.

It is a very unpretending little hostelry, but I could have hugged *that* with more ardor than any other hotel I met in the West, metaphorically of course.

After lunch we went out to the rim to look down into the Valley. The famous overhanging rock that marks the point is only about three feet thick, the size of a large dining table, and it projects not too securely from the face of a wall of solid rock.

The "thing to do" is to walk out on this rock just for the sensation of having three thousand feet of nothing below you.

John had been specially coached before we started, so he kept a respectful distance. As for me, I was so busy watching him that I had not much eye for the rock.

The view across the Valley from Glacier Point is wonderful. It reminded us of Emerson's reputed statement on the subject of Yosemite: "It is the only place that comes up to the brag."

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

Hundreds of snow-covered peaks of the High Sierras stretch off into distance, and we almost forgot that it was summer in the land below. Glacier Point Hotel stands at about the same height above sea level as the Mt. Washington hotel, but while one nearly freezes on the top of Mt. Washington, we found overcoats superfluous on Glacier Point. But all too soon came the hour for descent over the short trail.

We felt instinctively that this would be the experience that would try our souls, but the reality proved to be something undreamed of in our philosophy.

Shortly after starting, (our little group of seven led the cavalcade down as well as up) our guide came back and carefully tightened our saddle girths lest they should slip. He said the worst was just ahead of us—the Cork-screw trail. It was like trying to come down the winding stairs inside Bunker Hill Monument on horseback, with the advantage in favor of the monument that there there is a wall on *both* sides.

The path is only about three feet wide with a wall on one side and a precipice on the other most of the way. The dust was blinding, and the heat oppressive, and there were loose stones in the path on which a horse in front of me actually did stumble and almost dropped to his knees, to the evident alarm of the guide.

A MULE RIDE

After getting through the corkscrew section, the path improved to the extent that it would follow one general direction for as much as twenty feet at a time. Then there was a sharp angle on which my animal would pivot carefully with his four feet drawn close together while his head and neck waved ominously over space until the corner was turned.

After noting my sensations during a few of these turnings without any special enthusiasm, and my own tendency to swing out over space, I decided to close my eyes at all such crises and trust to the mule.

Owing to the steepness of the grade, even my mule accelerated his gait, but he developed a hungry feeling and insisted on reaching over the edge for tempting bits of vegetation which were usually just out of reach. This also annoyed the guide, who somehow failed to be well impressed by my horsemanship.

The man just behind me, also, descended from his horse and walked in the suffocating dust on the inside of the path while his horse kept to the outside. He told me after we reached the bottom that watching my mule skate along the outside edge finally got on his nerves.

We came down the short trail in absolute silence, but I know the mules were thinking, "What fools these humans be!"

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

The guide book says we passed some fine scenery on the way down, but we had no more eye for the landscape on this particular occasion than the man had who walked across Niagara on a tight rope. At the end of what seemed a lifetime, but what was actually two hours, we reached the foot of the trail, safe but dusty and subdued.

Of course the majority of tourists who visit Glacier Point do not come down this trail. It simply fell to our lot because the regular road leading on to Wawona, and suited to automobile travel, was still blocked with snow—in the latter part of June! In fact, we passed a boulder of frozen snow beside the path as we came down.

But life is largely a matter of sensations, and since the thing is done, I am not sorry that we did it.

WAWONA AND THE GIANT SEQUOIAS

Our second trip of importance in Yosemite was by auto to Wawona and the Mariposa Grove of big trees.

From Yosemite Valley to Wawona is a journey of about two hours by auto, so the distance must be forty miles or more. It is through the forest all the way, and gives one a splendid last glimpse of the valley from Inspiration Point. This is the view that most travelers used to have as their first glimpse, in the days before the Yosemite Valley Railroad was built. It is undoubtedly

WAWONA AND THE GIANT SEQUOIAS

the best approach to the Valley, but less convenient than through El Portal.

Altogether the ride to Wawona is a most enjoyable experience, and the hotel, when one arrives, leaves little to be desired in the way of comfort and peacefulness.

There is a beautifully shaded lane in the grounds where one may walk beside great Norway pines, most of them six feet in diameter, with a deep but narrow stream flowing musically at their roots, for about a mile. One then emerges at the edge of a lake which is a faultless mirror of the overhanging trees and sky. A little farther along there is a bridge and some strenuous rapids, with some old-time stone mills and ovens in which the Indians used to crush their grain and bake it into bread.

We thought Wawona the most peacefully beautiful spot we had found in California.

The next day we set out on the top of a stage drawn by four horses, with a picturesque driver in sombrero and chaps, for the Mariposa Grove six miles away. I had the coveted seat beside the driver, and he proved very entertaining. He told us that the roads at Wawona were entirely blocked with snow for at least six months of the year, and that this year according to custom he had come in with a gang of men to open up the roads after the first of May. This meant digging out twenty-

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

four miles of road to a depth of six to nine feet.

Owing to the narrowness of the roads through the Grove, it is necessary to avoid collision, and the gate-keeper must make sure by telephone that no vehicles are coming out before he will allow any to go in. So we stood for half an hour waiting for the last driver to come along with his stage. On his appearance our driver greeted him with a lazy drawl that still held a note of indignation:

“What’s the matter, Jim? Did your kindergarten run off and get lost?”

We then drove into the quiet aisles of the Giant Forest. There are six hundred and forty of these wonderful trees standing within a very close radius. Altogether there is something so awe-inspiring about these old monarchs that one does not readily find words in their presence, and for the most part we were silent. The Sequoias are said to be the oldest living things in the world, as well as the largest trees in existence. Somewhere I read:

“Remember that these stately fluted columns with their soft, fibrous bark, were raising their green tops to the stars a thousand years before Caesar conquered Gaul, and that they have never been known to die of old age. Nothing but a mountain tempest, a forest fire, or a light-

WAWONA AND THE GIANT SEQUOIAS

ning flash has ever been able to lay them low."

The Grizzly Giant, the largest tree that we saw, is about one hundred and five feet in circumference, and nearly thirty-five feet in diameter, and the trunk rises in a straight column one hundred feet before the first branch is reached. It is said to be eight thousand years old.

The hotel had provided a generous lunch, and our picturesque driver set the table for *his* kindergarten on the flat stump of a little sequoia, which was only about twenty feet in circumference. He also brought hot coffee from the caretaker's cabin, and we had a merry meal.

In the Grove we met our Los Angeles friends who had covered the ups and downs of the Glacier Point trail with us, and who were traveling in their own car. They invited us to go back with them, instead of by stage, and we accepted gladly.

After waiting until all the stages had gone and the roads were fairly clear of dust, we set out for Wawona Point which commands a view almost as extensive as that from Glacier Point, though at a lower altitude. This Point we had to ourselves, when we arrived there, which was an immense advantage, and on returning, our host made a considerable detour in order to take us over

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

a beautiful road encircling the meadows. Altogether the day was one long to be remembered, and was much the most delightful part of our stay in Yosemite.

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

Coming out from Wawona we took the new route, that is, by auto from Wawona to Madera, and thence by train to San Francisco. Our car contained seven passengers and the driver, a black-eyed Englishman. My retiring propensities(?) procured me a seat beside the latter, and as we flew along over the most erratic road I have ever traveled, the driver unburdened his troubled soul to me.

We had six hours in which to cover the distance, and traveled at top speed all the way, except for an hour at lunch. We would seem, therefore, to have covered a distance of at least one hundred and fifty miles. Despite our driver's efforts to lose no time, he told me that we "stood a good chance of missing the train, at that." And, in fact, our friends in the car just behind *did* miss the train and had to wait eight hours for the next one.

This ride, however, was one of the most exhilarating I have ever taken. Climbing up and down the steep grades, and winding endlessly around the hills always at top speed, nowhere could we see one hundred feet ahead

SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

in the first fifty miles, and in this part of the road there was barely room for two autos to pass. But each new vista was finer than the last. The road-banks were glorious with belated spring flowers, the prettiest being the Mariposa lily, which has the delicacy of shape and exquisite coloring of an orchid. At other places we passed great masses of wallflowers with the dainty fragrance of their English cousins.

It was some chance remark of mine about the English wallflower that first caught the attention of the driver and induced him to outline his checkered career for my astonished consideration. All the while his eyes never left the road ahead, nor his hands the lever, but his tongue steadily voiced thoughts that were miles away.

As a kind of thank-offering for listening to his tale, he presented me with a bag of cherries at our first stop—Grub Gulch was its euphonious title. Later after passing the cherries around, I asked the driver if he would not have some. He said it was as much as our lives were worth for him to take his hands from the lever. So there was nothing to do but feed him with them one by one, while that graceless John on the seat behind waxed hilarious over the performance.

After about three hours of this strenuous travel, our road straightened and became smooth, and we rolled

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

along through the beautiful San Joaquin (Wah-keen) Valley. This is California's richest grain section. For miles the golden fields are unbroken by so much as a fence, and the road runs like a broad white ribbon to the horizon. Here we saw the great harvester at work, drawn by about thirty mules. This harvester cuts the grain, ties the sheaves into bundles, beats out the kernels, pours them into a bag and sews up the top—a fairly intelligent performance for one machine. All along its wake we saw the bags lying in regular rows waiting to be picked up and loaded for market. After seeing those broad fields one could not doubt that California is the land of plenty.

At last, weary and covered with dust but still enthusiastic, we caught our train, with a few minutes to spare, and traveled back some two hundred odd miles to San Francisco.

After two more days in this interesting city, days packed to their utmost with sight-seeing, we started on our return journey by way of Mt. Shasta, Portland, Boise, and Chicago.

MT. SHASTA

Boarding the train at eight in the evening, one travels all night through the less interesting scenery of

MT. SHASTA

the route, though we did not find a mile of California without interest, and at about nine o'clock the next morning we sighted Mt. Shasta in the distance.

This glorious snow-covered peak, 14,444 feet high, the highest mountain in the Sierras, is visible for hours. It seems to approach and recede as if the train were winding around its base instead of passing it, and it dominates the landscape so emphatically that objects which would be highly interesting elsewhere are here dwarfed into insignificance. For the most part this giant looks down on a lonely land. Houses and people are few and far between, though there is scenery enough and to spare.

We were two nights and a day traveling from San Francisco to Portland, a distance of nearly eight hundred miles, but the tunnels and steep grades necessitate slow travel. The absorbing nature of the landscape, however, prevents either weariness or impatience, and on Friday morning at seven we arrived in Portland.

PORTLAND

Having twelve hours in which to see the Rose City we made our plans accordingly. Of course we relied largely on our old friend the sight-seeing auto, and before ten o'clock we were under way.

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

Only for one drawback Portland might easily be the most attractive city on the Coast; her rainfall is the greatest in the United States. Her five magnificent snow-capped mountains ranging from ten thousand to fourteen thousand feet in height, her picturesque Columbia River that winds for two hundred miles back among the mountains and then expands so broadly at the Pacific that one can hardly tell where sea and river meet, her splendid tree-lined avenues, and above all the profusion of roses, roses everywhere, would enable Portland easily to outdistance all rivals if it were not for her reputation as the Niobe of cities.

Even as we glided over the new Terwilliger boulevard, a broad causeway of solid concrete that gives a magnificent outlook over the Willamette River and the mountains beyond, the sky became heavily overcast. Coming back through the business part of Portland, we rode out to the site of the Lewis and Clark exposition which I had visited in 1905. Here the only reminder of the exposition was the Forestry building, and as by this time the rain descended and the floods fell, we improved the wet minutes by inspecting the interior of this wonderful log cabin. It is built of tree trunks with the bark on, each trunk from forty to sixty feet in height, and nearly all four feet in diameter. They were mostly

PORTLAND

Oregon fir, I think.

When the shower was over we went on, past beautiful gardens fenced in by rose hedges. These roses were sometimes five or six inches in diameter. At last we found ourselves on Council Crest, which commands a wonderful view—when the weather permits. We sat down and waited for the clouds to roll away, but we did not know our Portland. The clouds blackened and then burst, and for three hours we were storm-bound on the top of Council Crest, with great cloud-masses rolling like billows in the valleys below us. But John was enthusiastic over the cloud effects!

About seven that evening our train pulled out for Idaho and the East, and we were soon running along the banks of the Columbia. The sky continued gloomy until about eight, when suddenly the clouds on the horizon parted, and we had a wonderful sunset over the Columbia—a bright farewell from the Coast.

BOISE

While California was nominally our goal in our trip towards the sunset, there is no doubt that Boise gave our tour its chief reason for being. We had cheerfully traveled the longest way round the United States to get to Boise, because we knew that at the end of the journey

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

the Judge would be waiting for us. This was the thought that lured us on "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent."

But we soon found that the capital of Idaho has many other attractions. It lies nearly three thousand feet above sea level in the valley of the Boise River, surrounded by mountains several thousand feet higher. Though the neighboring foothills are bare from lack of moisture, they are transformed by the sun's rays, especially at sunrise and sunset, into warm and glowing ramparts.

Boise was formerly part of the Idaho desert, but irrigation has now been so widely introduced that the trees give a park-like effect to the city. Looking down on it from the surrounding hills one scarcely sees the houses because of the mass of green foliage that encircles them. The houses are all detached, with fine lawns and gardens, and many of the public buildings, especially the State Capitol and the new High School, would excite admiration in the largest metropolis. In the matter of climate, too, Boise is enviably endowed. There is no humidity, and the nights are always cool even in the hottest weather.

The spirit of its citizens, however, is Boise's greatest asset. They are hospitable, eager for new ideas, and

BOISE

imbued with intense loyalty towards their city which they have surnamed The Beautiful.

What one meets everywhere in the West, and sometimes misses in the East, is an outspoken enthusiasm for all things American. This unswerving allegiance and civic pride we found very stimulating.

But alas! the day finally came for leaving Boise.

CHICAGO

Our plan was to remain one day in Chicago on the way home, and so, after spending the night at the Congress Hotel in this middle-western metropolis, we started out the next day in a sight-seeing auto to view the city.

We proceeded along the different boulevards, which for breadth and beauty are in a class by themselves, to Washington and Jackson Parks.

Jackson Park, the site of the World's Fair in 1893, fronts along Lake Michigan, and where the beach was specially broad and fine we saw a number of bathers. We learned that the city provides dressing-rooms, lockers, suits and towels for five thousand bathers at a time, free, throughout the season, in the most desirable section of the Park.

Later we went along the famous Lake Michigan drive where, it seemed to me, there are more handsome

TOWARDS THE SUNSET

residences than in any other equal space I know of. In Lincoln Park another interesting philanthropy was pointed out: One of the most charming spots on the Lake front is devoted to the children's bathing place, and here a thousand at a time can be accommodated at the city's expense.

In another place we passed the broad green meadows of the Park, on one of which twenty-nine baseball games can be played at the same time, all free to the boys of the city. There is also a city golf links equally generous in its proportions and inclusiveness.

The guide pointed out an island in the middle of an artificial lake which can be emptied and filled from Lake Michigan. The island had been created artificially as well, and was green and tempting with flowers and foliage. The city is considering building a hospital for tubercular patients on this island where they can be cared for free, in the most restful and beautiful surroundings, in the heart of a city park.

The Chicago Zoo is probably the finest in the world. One reason for this probably is that every animal has been specially presented by one of the wealthy men or women of the city. The handsomest lions and tigers I ever saw are there, also the largest herd of buffaloes in the country.

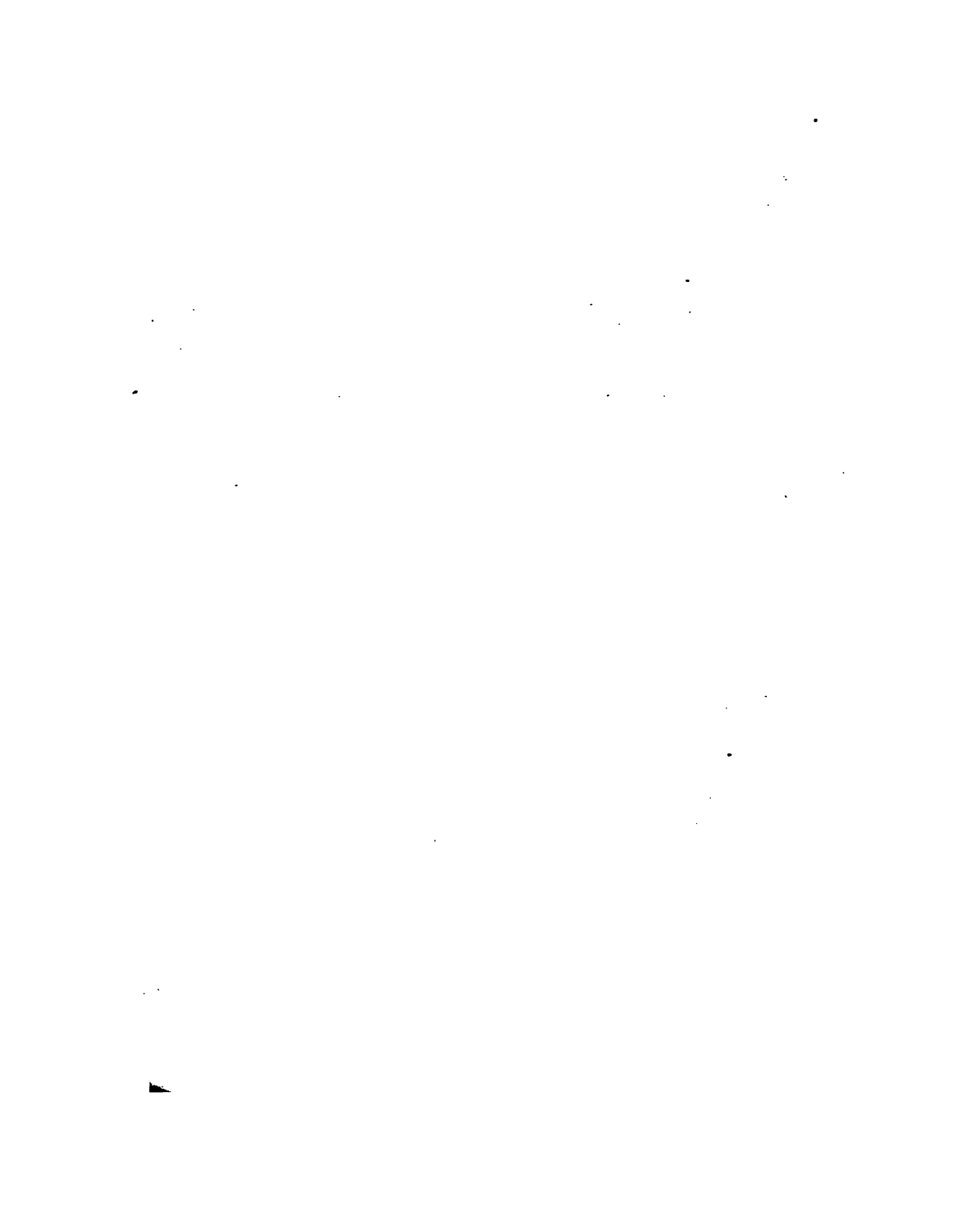
CHICAGO

But the most fascinating part is the collection of birds. They occupy a cage that has a building for itself. The cage is about sixty feet long, thirty feet wide, and forty or fifty feet high. The floor is a series of rocky bathing pools, overhung by several good-sized trees, and in this cage all sorts and conditions of birds, except birds of prey, dwell together in unity. Moreover, a picture of every bird in exact colors and proportionate size, appears around the walls of the room, with a full printed description underneath, within range of a child's eyes.

In our few hours, therefore, we discovered that Chicago has more parks, more boulevards, more playgrounds, and more public-spirited philanthropy than any other city we know of.

Within twenty-four hours after leaving Chicago, we were back at our ain fireside.

Our little jaunt of nearly seven thousand miles left us with many impressions of this wonderful land of ours, but clear above them all one thought stands out irresistibly: How good to be an American!







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